

44
The OX roasted
AND
The BULL baited.

On the Examiner's Supporters, call'd OX
BULL.

I.

NEW Revolutions, New Alarms
Did trouble us of late,
The Examiner as King at Arms,
Usurp'd *Clarencieu's* Seat.

II.

The LION and the UNICORN,
Those old Supporters of the Crown,
He thence had violently torn,
And like late *Ministers*, pull'd down.

III.

When OX and BULL were in their Place,
By this new Tyrant set,
Monsters they say, with *Humane Face*
But Horns and cloven Feet.

IV.

Such Omens, Gods avert! at Court
Let OX and BULL no more be seen,
They might the Examiner support,
But never cou'd the Queen.

On the late Examiner.

O Jonathan of merry Fame,
As Swift in Fancy as in Name!
Here lye, as thou hast often done,
Thy Holy Mother's pious Son:
Depriv'd of Paper, Pen and Ink,
And (what's a greater Plague) depriv'd of Drink:
For lo! Thy Idol OX, thy Staff and Rod,
As you might say, is drop'd by God.

Your rampant BULL of comely Gate,
Who leap'd all Cows he cou'd come at,
Was ne'er so tame in all his Life,
As now he fees the Butcher's-Knife.

But Baiting first is Hockley Play,
And then comes on the Slaughter Day.
Then O ye Sons of Britain take your Fill,
For all the Market says, He is fit to kill.

But if BULL Beef shou'd prove too tough,
Or for so many Mouths not quite enough;
Go take the OX, he's much the fatter Beast,
An OX well roasted is an English Feast.

Price